

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Abraham Lincoln.

THE prairies to the mountains call,
The mountains to the sea;
From shore to shore a nation keeps
Her martyr's memory.

Though lowly born, the seal of God
Was in that rugged face;
Still from the humble Nazareths come
The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear
He wrought through trying days,—
"Malice toward none, with love for all,"
Unswerved by blame or praise.

And, when the morn of Peace broke through
The battle's cloud and din,
He hailed with joy the promised land
He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress trod alone;
Now stands he forth an uncrowned king,
A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O land he died to save,
Bow down, renew to-day thy vows
Beside his martyr grave!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

The Return of Caesar.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

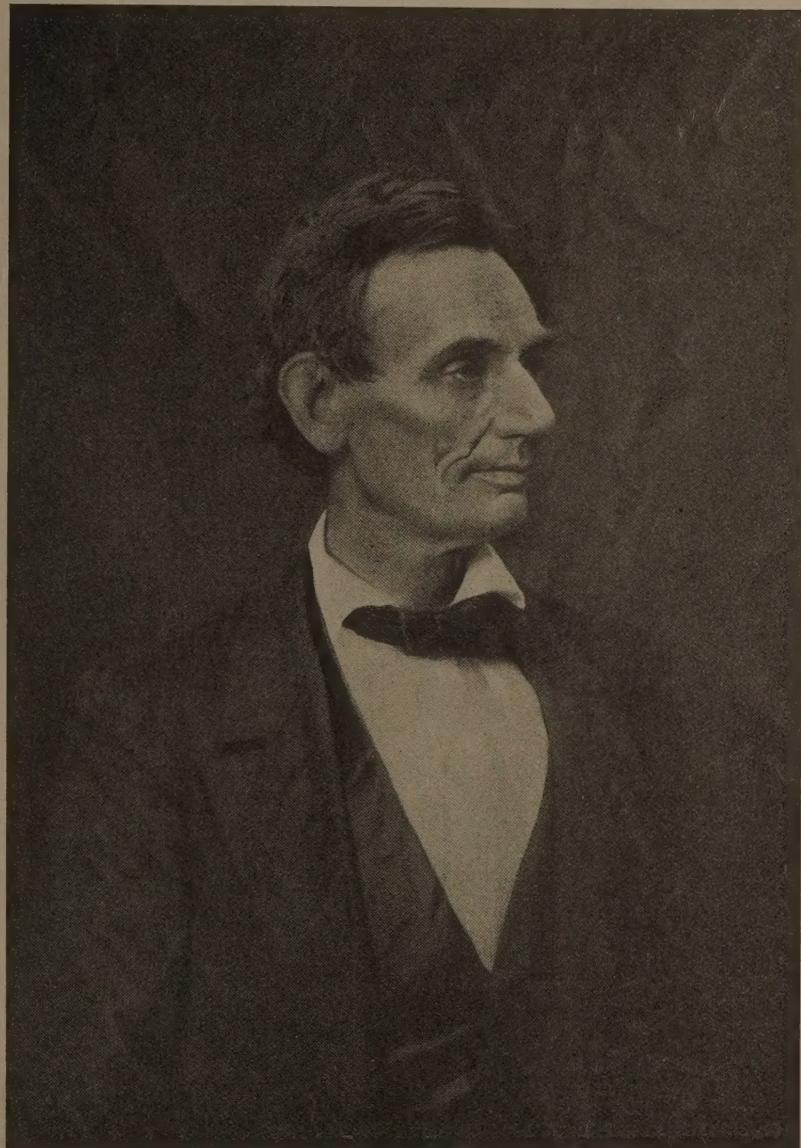
WARD RANSOM, Senior at Allen Academy, was busy studying in his room, when he heard the sound of angry voices, followed by a shout, then the rush of many feet, another series of shouts that grew fainter and died away.

"The Freshmen are after some one," he said to himself. "I wonder what can be up? They're having a lot of fun, all right. That noise came from the Freshmen 'dorm.'"

A slight sound at his window drew his attention, and the sight he saw there nearly caused him to fall from his chair. The window was open, and on the sill sat the strangest little figure imaginable in such a place,—a monkey, a dusty, stained, frightened little monkey, dressed in a sort of ragged uniform, a queer, small hat, tipped to a rakish angle, on his head. He looked at Ransom with terrified eyes.

"Where under the sun did you drop from?" Ward ejaculated. "I wonder if the fellows—say, little chap, what's wrong? You're frightened to death!"

Talking in a kindly way, Ward went toward the window. His odd visitor hesitated, as if in doubt whether to run or stay. The heavy ivy vines on the wall of the dormitory would give him an easy way of escape, as they had given him an easy method of climbing. Ransom was a lover of animals. At home he had two dogs and a cat, and he knew how to talk in a way to win confidence. Some note of pity and tenderness in his voice reached the throbbing monkey heart; for,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
(From a daguerreotype.)

Courtesy of Emery School-Art Co.

as Ward walked forward, talking softly, the monkey chattered back in reply, as if telling all his troubles, and Ward gathered the little, trembling chap in his arms and went back to the chair.

He discovered that the monkey was fastened to a rope, and began to see dimly how his new friend happened to be wandering loose. As he drew in the rope, there was a shout outside, the sound of other voices, and then followed the pound of many feet rumbling up the dormitory stairs.

The monkey, as he heard the noise, clung tightly to Ward, and chattered excitedly.

"What's the matter, sonny? You've got some reason to be afraid of the fellows, eh?" Ward questioned him. "Well, we'll see what's up, and try and help you out."

Before he could reach the door there was a knock upon it; and, in answer to the invitation to come in, a crowd of excited fellows surged through the door. The monkey whimpered and drew himself tighter to his new friend, while the boys stared in aston-

ishment at the sight of the monkey in Ward's arms.

"What's up, fellows?" Ward asked quietly.

Merkley, the leader of the group, answered:

"We've been having a time over at the 'dorm,' Ward. George Riggs was in his room, and was just starting to go out, when he saw this monkey come in the window. George had some spare change he'd left on the table, and the blamed little thief stole a dollar and got out of the window before George could reach him. George looked out and saw the hand-organ man below, who had just come up the hill.

"George yelled to him, 'Throw back that dollar!'

"The man answered, 'Da monk got no dollar!'

"That made George hot, and he yelled he'd come down, and see whether he had or not.

"He called to some of us fellows up on the third floor, and we all started down, yelling. George was mad clear through, and we were when we saw through it. Why, Ward, that's what the chap was here for! I'll bet he's got that monkey trained to go into places and steal stuff!"

"Perhaps," Ward said, soothingly; "but go on."

"Well, George was the first out. He grabbed the dago and shook him. The man started to run and stumbled. The monkey got away from him, and he dropped his organ. We chased him to the hill, and the last we saw of him he was heading for town with the speed of a deer."

A laugh went up in which all joined except Ransom, though he smiled.

"The monkey disappeared, but we saw the rope going into your window. It's a shame, that's what it is! I'll bet he's stolen a lot of stuff. The man looked like a thief. He had a scar across his nose. He looked pretty tough."

Ransom started.

"That so! Well, of all things, you Freshmen have done it. I didn't think who it might be, but now I know. Every year there's a hand-organ man who comes through here. You didn't know it, but the fellows like to have him; for he's a good-natured chap, and his monkey can do all sorts of tricks. We call him 'Cæsar,' and his monkey 'Antony.' George, with his red hair and hot temper, scared Cæsar away." Ward looked at them soberly. "I'm sorry for this. Cæsar would no more steal than he would murder. He's a harmless, kindly old fellow. The monkey has been trained to take money. It saw that money, and, not gifted with the reasoning ability that you fellows should have had, it took the dollar."

The Freshmen shuffled uneasily. They knew they had done little thinking.

"Now, we've got to straighten this out," Ward went on; "for the older fellows think a lot of Cæsar"—

A shout came up from below the window. "O Ward!"

Ward went to the window, and the Freshmen heard the voice of Sayres, the track captain, call up: "Ward, I found Cæsar down by the mill-road, shedding tears. He told me he had been chased away. What's wrong, do you know? Where's his grinder and 'da monk'?"

"Bring him up, Sid," Ward answered, and turned to the Freshmen. "You fellows heard. Sayres will bring Cæsar in, and you'll see that he loves this monkey as much as

he would a son. I want you to stay. What do you think you'd better do?"

"I think the whole bunch of us had better apologize," a low voice said back in the crowd. "And somebody should find George."

Sayres came in then, and looked a little mystified, when he saw the number in the room, until Ward explained the situation. Sayres' face darkened, and he turned on the Freshmen.

"You've got to do more than apologize! Why, we wouldn't know what to do unless Cæsar visited us every spring! You scared him to death! I found him sobbing away down the road. You've got to take up a collection right here for him. If you haven't any change, I'll lend you some, as far as mine goes. Come on in, Cæsar."

The door opened, and a bent, dusty, fearful figure came in: his cheeks were stained with tear-marks. The moment he saw the monkey, however, his face blazed with smiles. His arms went out, and the monkey, chattering wildly, leaped into his arms, hugging him tightly around the neck; and they talked together as if they had met after a parting of many years.

The Freshmen were getting money together. Ward gave Cæsar a chair; and the next thing the blinking little Italian knew his cap had been taken off by Ward, placed in his hand, and a row of boys were passing in front of him, dropping coins into the cap, and shaking his hand, and saying some word of apology. Cæsar blinked, grew wide-eyed, then the sunny smile came back.

The last to appear in the line was George Riggs, and he placed a dollar in the hat. "I found it in my room where the monkey dropped it," he said sheepishly. "I'm sorry for my part in this."

"It's all arighta, boy: it's all arighta. Now we be the besta friend!"

Every one in the room smiled. It was good to be to Cæsar "a besta friend."

Winter Flowers.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

HERE where the summer roses grew
I find strange flowers, odd and new;
A bush where roses last I found
Is drooping slowly to the ground,
And on it are hung everywhere
White blossoms of a kind most rare.

Beneath the sunshine's dancing beam
They glimmer softly, glow and gleam;
Each petal forms a diamond star
Or else a place where thousands are,
And all are white as white can be,
Like flowers made by witchery.

I wonder if you guess the way
Such flowers grew in just a day?
Here came Jack Frost, and, with the snow,
He draped each bush and twig hung low;
And now my once gray garden seems
A shining garden-close of dreams!

Lincoln, like the unconscious prophet he was, paved the way for many innovations. He broke fresh soil upon which has been harvested many new crops of the spirit.

J. L. JONES.

Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what the good of the whole demands?

LINCOLN.

Pretty Pebble.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

IN the path that led down to the brook Heart-of-a-Poet picked up a pebble that was very smooth and pleasant to feel in his hand. One side of the pebble was a clear pink, the other a soft bluish gray, and Heart-of-a-Poet stood turning the pebble over, trying to decide which color was the prettier. He looked at the gray and it seemed so sweet: he looked at the pink and it seemed so gay. At last he said:

"Pretty Pebble, which side of you is the prettier?"

Pretty Pebble brightened and softened and said:

"Before I can tell you which side of me is the prettier, I will have to tell you why one side of me is pink and the other gray, and maybe you haven't time to listen to all that."

"Oh, I have plenty of time," Heart-of-a-Poet told her, "and I like to listen."

"Very well, then. You have noticed how smooth I am, so you know already that for a long time I lived in the bed of a busy brook."

"Yes, I know it takes running water to polish a pebble till it shines."

"I lived there for ages; but for a long, long time I was not happy there, because you know, Heart-of-a-Poet, to be happy anywhere you must have some work to do there; and to enjoy yourself you must do your best to make things pleasant for other people. Just sitting down looking on while other people work or other people play isn't any fun at all. You and I know that now, but I did not know it when I was young. I thought the looking on was the pleasantest part, so I sat in the soft mud where the water was deep and still above me, and looked on. I saw the other pebbles out in the middle of the brook with one cheek pressed to the sands and the other turned up to the water. How busy they were, crowding to catch every grain of sand and chattering so gayly together!"

"But what good did it do? If they caught one grain of sand and packed it snugly among them, there was sure to be another grain coming down through the water, and another, and another. So I said to myself:

"You foolish things! You may go on there forever grabbing and chattering, but you can never get done. There will always be another grain of sand to be caught."

"And I saw the current of the brook, hurrying to carry away every drop of water that came down from the spring at the head or from the banks at the side. How that current worked, catching up each drop as it came, swirling it out into the middle, streaming it down to the sea. It worked day and night to carry away the water, and again I said to myself:

"You foolish thing! Don't you know that you can never get done? You may work on forever, but there will always be yet another drop of water to be carried away."

"And so I went on, sitting there in the soft mud, stupid and sullen, doing nothing but find fault with other people; and I might never have been happy if Light, that glad fellow, had not seen me and sent a beam down to bring me brightness."

"Get to work," Beam cried to me. "Get to work and be happy."

"Get to work?" I said sullenly, "There are plenty here at work already, and the work never ends." At that Beam laughed until the water all around was glittering with his glee.

"Oh, you sick stone!" he cried. "Of course work never ends. Don't you know that, if work ended, gladness would have to end also? And what would life be without gladness? No wonder Light sent me down here in such a hurry when he caught sight of you. Poor Pebble! You have sat and looked on until you have grown stupid. Here, Ripple, give me a lift."

"Well, Heart-of-a-Poet, you know how the Ripples all love Bean. He has only to beckon, and they will all begin sparkling and dancing. When he called, there came not one, but a dozen Ripples. They slipped in around me and under me and over; they rolled me out into the middle of the bed; they sat me down in the very busiest place they could find, right where every pebble was crying, 'Catch it, catch it,' and holding the sand down hard with their cheeks. Their merry chatter soon told me what it was all about. They were trying to catch sand enough to build a bar, so that, when the children came to wade, they could cross from bank to bank. And, do you know, Heart-of-a-Poet, when I thought about the way those little feet would come paddling along, and about the way the children would laugh when they found they could go all the way across—why, before I knew it I had my cheek pressed hard to the bed, and was catching grains of sand as busily as the rest. Oh, I was so happy when the bar was finished!"

Pretty Pebble sighed and said no more, but Heart-of-a-Poet could not yet decide which side of her was the prettier. So he said:

"Surely, that is not all of your story, Pretty Pebble. I did not find you in the bed of the brook, I found you here by the path."

"I know," Pretty Pebble answered. "We worked hard and built the bar, and many little children came to wade there. Young calves, too, that were afraid to follow the cows through the deep water used to cross on our bar. We were very proud and happy to see how our work helped to make others happy, and none was prouder than I. But yesterday a wise old woman brought a little child to wade, and, when they reached the middle of the brook, the child saw me and picked me up."

"See the pretty pebble," she cried, "and see how one side of it is gray and the other pink. Why is it?"

"The wise old woman looked at me and said:

"Because in her long life the pebble has done much useful work and given herself sweetly to the serving of others, this side of her shows steadfast and tender gray. And because she has given herself to gladness and tried to make life brighter for those about her, this side of her shows a pink that is rosy and clear."

"She is very pretty," said the child. "I will take her home and put her on a cushion where everybody can see her."

The wise old woman shook her head.

"She will not stay pretty very long if you put her on a cushion. She will soon grow cloudy and dull."

"Why?" asked the child.

"Because," said the wise old woman, "it is with pebbles as it is with everybody else: it takes plenty of work and play to keep them bright."

"The child, though, wanted to keep me, and started to carry me home. But her hands were full of many things, and, when she stumbled over that root in the path, she dropped me and never knew it."

"And I came along and picked you up," said Heart-of-a-Poet. "I am like the child. I, too, would like to keep you on a cushion, but I know that the wise old woman was right. You would grow listless-looking and dull if you sat there doing nothing. So I shall take you back to your work and play. See, here is your brook, and there is the bar you helped to build. Good-bye, 'Pretty Pebble'!"

As he watched her dive eagerly through the clear water to press her gray cheek down close to the shining sand, Heart-of-a-Poet spoke softly to himself:

"I wonder," he said, "which side of her is the prettier. The side she was good with, or the side she was glad with? Ah, wait: I see, I see! It takes them both, the good side and the glad side, to make a pretty pebble."

A Little Child.

BY FLORENCE L. PATTERSON.

THIS is a song of the frozen North,
When the life of the world was young,
When the Vikings old,
With their crews so bold,
At their foes defiance flung.

Edred the Awesome manned his bark,
And, with orders stern and low,
Bade his men set sail,
Spite of snow or gale,
To punish his lifelong foe.

Many a day 'mid the freezing spray,
Motionless he would stand,
With frowning brow,
In the staunch ship's bow,
As he watched for the Foeman's land.

Yet when his men, the Dauntless Ten,
Climbed to his enemy's home,
'Neath the cliff's grim face,
At the landing-place,
He stood on the beach alone.

Silent and dark is the Castle tower,
No shouts or wild alarms.
What do they bring,
This tiny thing,
Which they place within his arms?

A traitorous hand has opened the gate,
For the price of a single pearl,
And sent in spite,
Through the darksome night,
His master's little girl.

But as Edred the Awesome clasped her close,
With a gesture rude and wild,
Through the torch-lit space,
To his frowning face,
The baby looked and smiled.

Then this man climbed straight to his Foe-
man's door,
And carried the baby fair,
And safe from harm,
On its mother's arm,
He placed it with tender care.

And his heart grew soft as the melting wax,
When he grasped his Foeman's hand;
So the gentle guile
Of a baby's smile
Brought peace to that troubled land.

Please Telephone.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

MARIAN came in from High School and found five-year-old Jamie waiting for her at the door. With a very scanty greeting she pushed past him into the dining-room. "Go out, Jamie, and tell Mary I'm here," she commanded. "I'm just starved and I want my luncheon right away."

Jamie trotted off obediently, and then returned with a glass of milk in his chubby hands.

Marian sniffed. "That milk is positively sickening, it's so warm," she cried, as she tasted it. "Take it right back, Jamie, and tell her to put it on ice. Then I want you to go upstairs and get me a clean handkerchief and that green book on the table by my window. Hurry up, now."

But Jamie stood still and looked at her. "I wish you would please tellyfome to me," he said pleadingly. "Won't you, please, Marnie?"

But Marian was in no mood for games. "Telephone? I should say not," she retorted. "You go right along, Jamie Northway, and get what I tell you, and be quick about it."

So Jamie went back disconsolately to the kitchen, and then climbed patiently upstairs.

Just as he returned, however, the telephone bell rang, and Marian brushed past him into the living-room to answer it.

"That's for me, I'm sure, Mother," she called to the lady descending the stairs, and then taking down the receiver. "Hello! Oh, is that you, Mrs. Parker? Thank you so much for calling. Yes, indeed, I'll be delighted to take the fancy table. It was sweet of you to ask me. And will you do one of your lovely pillow covers for it? You do such beautiful work! Oh, how lovely of you! Indeed, I will! Not the slightest trouble at all. Good-bye, and thank you so very, very much. Yes, indeed. Thank you again. Good-bye."

As she hung up the receiver, she turned, to encounter Jamie's two big blue eyes fixed upon her.

"Oh, my handkerchief," she said carelessly. "Bring it here. But why are you standing there listening? Mother," she added sharply, "just look at Jamie standing there like a regular 'little pitcher.'"

Jamie turned toward Mother with a quivering lip. "I just like to hear Marnie tellyfome," he explained pitifully. "Her voice is so sweet, and she's so nice and polite and says thank you so much. Why do you s'pose Marnie won't tellyfome to me sometimes, Mother?"

Marian dropped to her knees beside the little figure and caught him to her in a quick embrace. "Why, you precious little brother," she cried, with a sudden choke in her voice. "Was that what you meant by asking me to 'tellyfome' there in the dining-room? Well, Marnie will 'tellyfome' to you all the time after this, so she will, darling! If I ever forget, you just say 'Hello, is that you, Marnie?' and I'll remember right away."

Jamie raised his head with happy smile. "Hello, is that you, Marnie?" he called gleefully. "Thank you so much for calling up."

We are not bound to know: we are only bound to learn.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



The Frigate 'Pryde.'

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

In Three Chapters. Chapter I.

It is Tom who is the centre of interest in this one of the Swallow stories. It is a bit of real boy-life, showing what stirring and vital things may happen in the dead of winter, in a country district in the State of Maine.

TOM SWALLOW and Eben Higgins were having a snowball fight. It was a perfectly friendly contest at first, when it started in the school-house yard, and would have continued friendly to the end, but for an accident.

Eben was ahead. He caught up both hands full of damp, new snow, dodged behind a tree, moulding his ball as he ran, and was all ready for Tom, when he came running up with his own snowball poised in his uplifted fist. Both boys threw at the same time. Tom was hit sharply on the shoulder. Eben received a harmless shower down the back of his neck. Laughing and stumbling through the snow, they each caught another handful and ran on down the road.

They both lived "up the Mountain," although Eben's road branched to the left a quarter of a mile above to the school-house, while Tom's kept on, straight up. Eben was racing to reach his own road, where he knew Tom must leave him. There were many chores to do on all the farms. Boys must not linger on the way home.

They ran on, stumbling and shouting, and occasionally throwing a snowball. Each received several hard hits with perfect good-humor. They were friends in a way, the way that comes from walking and running up and down the same country road, and sitting side by side on the same hard oak bench.

Just below where the roads forked there was a small house, the only one for fully half a mile. Perhaps Eben was careless. One forgets to look out for houses when one has the whole wild countryside to frolic in. At any rate, it was Eben's ball, an unusually hard one, that hit the little house. There was a crash of tinkling glass. An old woman with a broom in her hand immediately appeared at the door.

Now, the things we do in sudden and unexpected emergencies, before we have time to think what we ought to do, make the letters that in time come to spell the word "Character." I deeply regret having to record that Eben took to his heels before the door had fairly opened on the little old woman. Tom stood his ground. He looked after his retreating mate with surprise and deep disgust.

"Aw! Come back here, you sneak," he called indignantly.

"Sneak yourself!" shrilled Eben as he disappeared down his cross-road.

The old woman was out in the snow picking up the pieces of glass.

"I hope you boys are satisfied now," she said severely.

She was a thin wisp of an old woman, and she shivered as her skirts blew about her ankles.

"We didn't mean to break your window, Mrs. Lane," said Tom, lingering near the scene of the disaster, uncertain what to say.

"Much good your not meaning to will do me next time there's a no'th-easter," remarked Mrs. Lane resentfully.

"My father's got a pane that will just fit

that window," ventured Tom. "He made me learn to set glass because accidents will sometimes happen, you know. I'll bring down some putty and fix it for you to-morrow morning before school, if you can stuff in something till then."

The old woman's resentment instantly vanished.

"That's spoken like a man," she said, "especially as I happen to know the other boy threw the snowball. What's your father's name?"

"Daniel Swallow."

"I might have known. Come in and have a cookie."

Tom did not want the cookie. Couldn't the woman see that he was a big boy and not a kid? Still, he had an unexpressed but perfectly distinct notion in his chivalrous young soul that it was not courteous to refuse what was meant as a kindness. He followed the woman into the little house. A yellow cat leaped, spitting, from the feather cushion of a red rocker and ran under the stove. Tom stood by the door with his hat in his hand, hoping Mrs. Lane would not keep him long, for Father was particular about boys coming home on time. The old woman went to a tall stone jar in the corner for a cookie. Tom looked idly around the quaint little room. A tall clock in the corner went "Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" There were bundles of dried herbs hanging all about. And then—Tom saw it!

On the top of the old mahogany "highboy," or dresser, was the most wonderful little ship with sails all spread. It was complete, even to the name on its side, "The Pryde." Any boy, seeing it for the first time, would have been lost in rapturous contemplation, as was Tom Swallow.

The old woman turned and saw him. "Well," she said, "what do you think of it?"

"It's great!" said Tom, with shining eyes.

"That," said Mrs. Lane, smiling back, "is the model of a real frigate, 'The Pryde,' that once took three British prizes in one day. My own grandfather was an officer on her in the war of eighteen twelve."

Tom looked at the old woman much as we grown-ups would look at a crown princess or the wife of our President-elect. Mrs. Lane grew an inch taller in the sunshine of that look.

"Yes," she said, "I have often heard Grandfather tell how the Britishers put on full sail trying to get away, but it was no use. 'The Pryde' engaged them, one after another, and"—

A half-hour passed. The clock, that had been saying "Tick-tock! tick-tock!" gave a sudden grunt, and remarked, "One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Umm!"—

"Bless me!" cried the old woman.

"Oh! I must go," said Tom. "Thank you, Mrs. Lane, for letting me see 'The Pryde' and telling me that story. I—think of going to sea myself some day. I'll bring down that glass in the morning."

"All right," said Mrs. Lane. "So do. Come again, and I'll tell you about a gale

they had off Hatteras, and how my grandfather once ran the ship in right under the enemy's guns in a fog."

"I'd like to," beamed Tom.

He ran out and up the mountainside at full speed, and neither he nor the old woman noticed that she still held the cookie in her hand.

Tom Swallow lived half-way up the mountain with his father, his half sister, Anna, who was almost grown up, and kept the house, and with three more own sisters and a little brother.

The house was not large, but, small as it was, there was room in it sometimes for a great aching emptiness where mamma had once been. Sister Anna did her best, and her best was so good that the younger children were beginning to forget that mamma had ever lived anywhere else except with the angels; but, much as he loved his sister Anna, Tom never forgot.

Father was the best man in the world. Tom used to wonder if he had ever been a boy. Fathers expect so much more of the oldest son than they do of the girls. So Tom ran all the way up hill, and was immensely relieved to find that Father had not returned after all; also, that Floss and Fran, the fourteen-year-old twins, at the suggestion of Anna, had begun to bring in the night's wood. They hailed him joyously as they dragged the big basket over the snow.

"Here he is at last!"

"For goodness' sake, Tom Swallow, where have you been all this time, with us at home doing your work?"

"Can you do that algebra problem? I can't." This from Fran.

The twins never waited for answers to their questions.

"I'll help you do it after supper. Sorry I was late, girls. You can go in now. I'll do the rest."

After all, there was plenty of time to do the chores. Father was late. He had "town business" to see to. Daniel Swallow was one of the "Selectmen" this year. It took more time than he could well spare, but one must be public-spirited for the sake of the example, especially if one has two sons growing up.

They decided not to wait supper for him, finally, because Jack and Jill's bedtime ought not to be postponed too long. When he came, the youngsters were asleep. Tom and the two girls were busy with their books in the living-room, and Anna gave him his supper in the kitchen as he liked it best.

Anna was father's confidant. He saw in her the young girl-wife who had walked with him in his youth, so short a way. Sometimes, too, Anna wore for her father the very face of his own mother, and she was his own best-loved daughter. He always told her his worries. So it was that Tom, going through the kitchen for another big stick for the fireplace, heard him say:

"It is about Mrs. Lane. We know she needs help, but she is so proud. She would starve before she would go on the town."

Tom felt suddenly very sad. Mrs. Lane was his friend.

He was up early next morning to help with the milking. In the warmth of the clover-scented barn he told father about the accident, and easily obtained the pane of glass and the putty to make repairs. He did not mention the wonderful ship, being slow to speak of the things nearest his heart.

"I don't like the idea of you boys break-

Devoluntal.

FOR LINCOLN DAY SERVICE.

COMPILED BY S. A. ELIOT.

"The Memorial of Virtue is immortal because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it, and when it is gone they desire it."

Book of Wisdom.

"His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind, Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars; A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind; Broad prairie, rather, genial, level-lined, Fruitful and friendly for all human kind, Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Great captains, with their guns and drums, Disturb our judgment for the hour, But at last silence comes; These all are gone, and, standing like a tower, Our children shall behold his fame, The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man, Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame, New birth of our new soil, the first American."

From "Commemoration Ode,"

J. R. LOWELL.

[PRAYER.]

Almighty God, in whose hands are the destinies of the nations, we pray thee to bless our country, and to lead us in the way of honor and justice. Thou, Lord, hast permitted us to grow in power and riches. Thou hast blessed us with gifts of knowledge and skill, and granted us a place among the mighty nations of the world. May we be mindful of the duties which thou hast laid upon us, and ever be found faithful to our trust. Raise up among us noble and upright men, to be leaders and counsellors of the people. Deliver us from all evil ambitions and selfish rivalries. May we so wisely love our country, and so follow after all that makes for its true greatness, that thy kingdom of brotherhood and peace may be hastened on the earth. Amen.

ing Mrs. Lane's windows," said father. "You had better be trying to help her in some way. She has lost more than one night's sleep for some of you. That winter diphtheria got into the neighborhood, she went from house to house nursing, and never would take a dollar for it. Turn about is only fair play, my son."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, quietly.

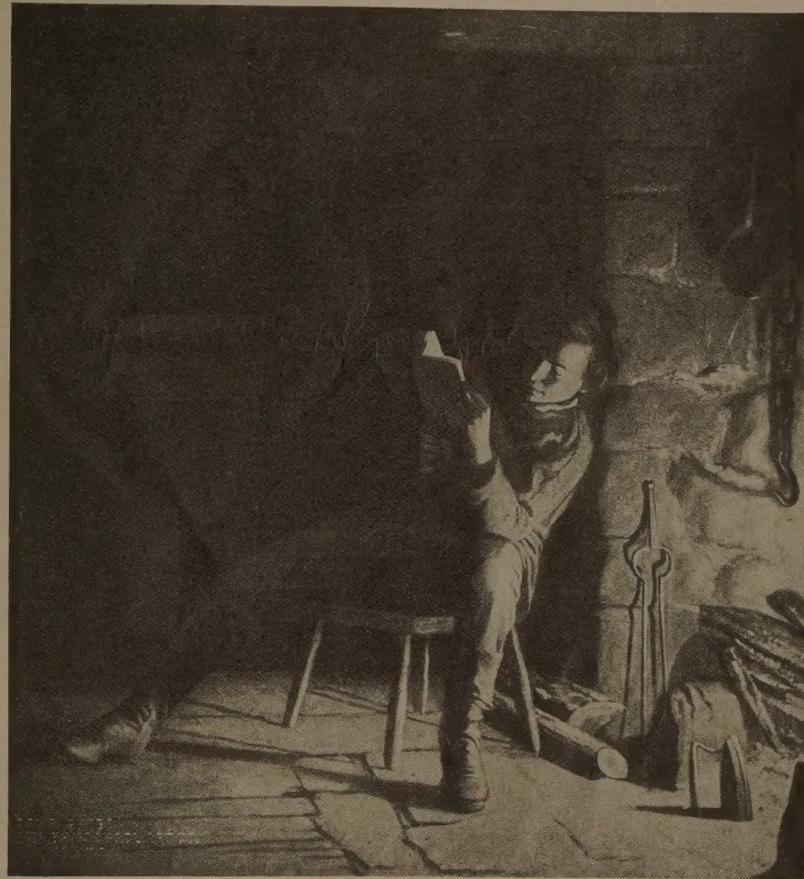
Mr. Swallow wondered if the boy were really unfeeling. Anna would have taken what he said so differently.

Tom got an early start and was mending the window in a workmanlike manner when Eben Higgins appeared. Eben stopped jauntily. There were many things he could and did do without, but Tom Swallow's good opinion was not one of them. Last night was not the first time that inherited instinct had led them in different directions. Given time to think, Eben always followed Tom's lead. Now he thought it best to act as if nothing had happened.

"Hello, Tom," he said. "I came early on purpose to measure that pane, so I could get one; but, if you are going to mend it"—

"You might saw up some of Mrs. Lane's wood while you are waiting for me to finish," directed Tom, briefly.

Glad to make up so easily, Eben pranced to the wood-pile, and made the axe and saw



THE BOY LINCOLN.—EASTMAN JOHNSON.

Copyright Emery School-Art Co.

The Boy.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

So much from Nature's books he read! All day the forest and the wild, Or furrowed fields, their treasures spread Before the toiling, seeing child; And only when the pine-knot's glare Warmed the small house and gave him light, He conned with patient, loving grace The borrowed volume, late at night.

So strong and brave and kind he grew; A loyal comrade, constant friend, Who laughed or wrestled straight and true; Who always would the weak defend. Thus brain and heart and body thrrove. Tallest of all his mates was he; Ready the bright, wide world to rove, To find his unknown destiny.

fly in a manner his own father never would have recognized.

"Well," said Mrs. Lane, appearing at the door; "seems I'm having a surprise party."

"I'll bring you a load of pine knots for kindling, Mrs. Lane, if you would like to have me." Eben was playing for Tom's approval.

"Thank you, kindly," replied Mrs. Lane, sceptically. "Don't spare yourself short."

"Come on, Eben," said Tom, who had finished the window. "I can see teacher going into the yard."

The two boys walked away together, friends again.

(To be continued in two weeks.)

Perhaps he dreamed, as boys will dream, Of battle's pomp, and spurring steeds; Of treasure-ships, and caves a-gleam; Of shores untrod, and valiant deeds. At last the magic moment came; Out through the open door he passed; And on the brazen walls of Fame Our Lincoln wrote his name at last!

"And did it end as stories do? Had he a princess for a bride? Did every dream he had come true? And was he rich and great, beside?" Ah, dears, the story ends not so; His was the better, kinglier part; The highest honor man may know, The first place in a nation's heart!

God bless Abraham Lincoln, honest, sagacious, brave, humane, and true as steel. If you don't know how to pray for him, you miss a great means of grace for your own soul. If your husband was struggling against fearful odds to rescue your own child from the flames, you would have little heart for unfriendly criticism. The President is rendering your children's children a still larger service, and, when you see it, you will give him sympathy.

Written by CHARLES GORDON AMES
in 1862.

Happy is the man who enjoys himself. His are the true riches. BRADFORD TORREY.

Dolls that can Talk and Sing Songs.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A Letter from Japan to Children who read The Beacon:

DO you know where Japan is? Suppose you look it up at once on your map.

There are two ways of going to Japan from America. One is to sail east from New York or Boston, across the Atlantic, through the Straits of Gibraltar and the whole length of the Mediterranean Sea, through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean, past the island of Ceylon, through the Straits of Malacca, across the China Sea, along the coast of China, and then—to Japan. That is a long, crooked way.

Well, I did not come to Japan that way, but another, easier and shorter. Let us see what it was; for, when you come, I suspect this is the way you will take. From New York I went west by rail to San Francisco. There I took a fine big steamer sailing west across the great Pacific Ocean, and in twelve days reached beautiful Japan. Isn't it strange that we can get to the same place by travelling either east or west?

Yes, Japan is a beautiful country. Look at the map and you will see that it is a group of big islands. It reminds one of Switzerland, because the land is full of picturesque mountains.

Did you ever hear of *jinrikishas*? They are curious but very pretty little two-wheeled carriages, with covers and rubber tires, and just large enough to carry one man or woman, or two children. The funny thing is, they are drawn not by a horse, but by a man, who runs as fast as a horse trots. Here almost everybody who wants to ride uses a *jinrikisha*. I am sure you would all think it great fun to ride in one.

I have heard Japan called "the land of happy children." That is a good name. It seems to me I never before saw so many children, or those that looked more sunny-faced. They all go to school, for Japan has schools everywhere; but outside of school hours I see them playing marbles, spinning tops, playing with dolls, and doing many other things that remind me of America. Both boys and girls, yes, and men, too, like to fly kites. Some of their kites look like big, queer, highly-colored birds.

I wonder if you know that in Tokio, the capital of Japan, we have a Unitarian church and a large Unitarian Sunday school. I have been visiting both, and am sure you would like to do the same. Last Sunday I saw something very interesting which I must tell you about. It was an extra meeting of the Sunday school in the afternoon for special singing, recitations, and exercises. The dress of the children looked rather queer, but I never saw brighter or more eager faces. In the front seats were about 30 little kindergarten tots, back of them 30 or 40 members of primary classes, then older and older children and young people farther back,—perhaps 160 in all.

I could not understand the recitations, for, of course, they were in Japanese; but I think they must have been interesting because everybody enjoyed them so much. The singing certainly was delightful. Many of the songs and hymns were just the same that you sing, with the very same tunes, only of course the words were in their own language. But American boys and girls would



UNITY HALL.

Our Unitarian Headquarters in Tokio, called by the Japanese "The Church of the One God".

have had to try hard to sing better than those Japanese boys and girls did.

A young violinist played some beautiful violin music, one piece being the Pilgrims' Chorus from Wagner's "Tannhäuser." Do any of you know it? A young man produced some wonderfully sweet music on a mouth organ, which especially delighted the boys. Another told a story which held the children fairly spell-bound for nearly fifteen minutes. It was about a teacher who took a company of children up into the mountains for a holiday, and all the interesting things they saw and did.

One number in the programme was very funny, as well as very interesting and good. It was a little piece called "A Sale of Dolls," acted by a class of eight little girls. Seven of the girls were dressed as dolls, and were seated in a row on the stage, covered with a cloth to keep the dust off. The eighth was the owner of the dolls, who wanted to sell them. As soon as a customer came in, she took the cloth from the dolls and began to show them off, pointing out their remarkable qualities and the astonishing things they could do,—how they could open and shut their eyes, nod their heads, turn their heads from side to side, lift their arms, and, what greatly amazed and delighted the customer, walk and answer questions. The climax was finally reached when all the dolls sang together a very beautiful little song.

Of course everybody was greatly interested and pleased. By and by the American visitor was invited to speak. What do you think he said? Well, first he told the children how much he had enjoyed the afternoon; next he talked a little about Sunday schools in America; and then he said: "Children, do you know how much you have astonished me by your wonderful dolls? We have dolls in America that we think wonderful,—dolls that can wink, and nod their heads, and even move their arms, and make a noise (if you pinch them); but none that can walk (without falling over), and certainly none that can answer questions and sing, as these that I have seen to-day have done. Would you like me to tell the American children about your wonderful Japanese dolls?" They all answered eagerly, "Yes, yes, yes, please do." I promised I would. So here is the story of some dolls

of Japan that can not only nod and wink and move their arms, but walk and talk and sing beautiful songs.

The Triple Thread.

The thread of Happiness is spun
From three things woven into one.

The first winds ever through and through
In homely strength—Something to Do.

The second gleams like stars above
A radiant thread—Something to Love.

The third entwines them both in power—
Something to Hope For, hour by hour.

Thus Happiness, in each sure part
Lies within reach of every heart.

PRISCILLA LEONARD,
in *The Pilgrim Visitor*.

Our Book Table.

HAZEL, who gives the title to a child's story, is a little colored girl, living with her widowed mother in Boston. The simple happenings of her life in Alabama, where she goes to her grandmother in search of health, will attract children because they are natural, childlike, not overdrawn. The conditions of life in the South for the colored people are given with a desire to see and show the best. Hazel's refinement, her kindness of heart, her wholesome religion, contrasted with the doctrines heard at the revival meeting, are good for any child reader. The author has wisely avoided the negro dialect in order that little people may not be confused by unfamiliar words. A good many American children might broaden their sympathies by making a book friend of this girl of the dark-skinned race, and it gives us satisfaction to call attention to this story in the Lincoln number of *The Beacon*.

Of the illustrations by Harry Roseland the portrait of Hazel is the least successful, as it lacks the essential characteristics and true charm of the "soft-eyed, velvet-cheeked" little people of the negro race.

Hazel. By Mary White Ovington. Red cloth, 12mo. 162 pp. Illustrated. Crisis Publishing Company, 26 Vesey Street, New York. Price, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.08.

Little Foxes that Didn't Mind their Mother.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

ONCE upon a time a family of foxes lived in the green woods beside the brook on Farmer Brown's farm. Their home was a snug warm hole in the ground, called a burrow, half a mile from the henhouse. The farmer and his wife and their boys and girls liked to eat plump spring chickens. So did the four little foxes and their father and mother. To be sure, the farmer never said to the foxes, "Come and help yourselves to chicken any time you are hungry"; but he helped himself to chicken whenever he was hungry, and so did the foxes.

Fortunately for the father and mother fox, they never visited the henhouse in the daytime, but always chose their spring chicken at night, when the farmer and his family were asleep; so you see the farmer never had a chance to say to the foxes, "You must not carry off my chickens!"

When the fox babies were little, they were good as farmhouse kittens. During the day they used to lie cuddled together in their burrows hour after hour: sometimes they slept, and sometimes they were wide awake, winking and blinking at their mother.

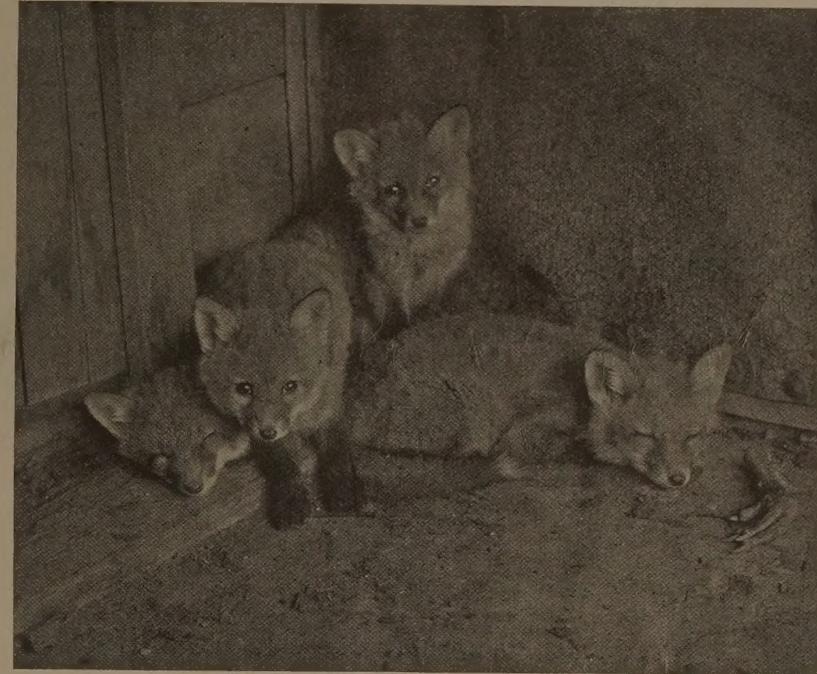
In those happy days she used to tell them stories of the beautiful green woods, and stories about their wild neighbors, the squirrels, the rabbits, and the woodchucks. They even learned to bark a little green-woods' song beginning:

"We are the little wild foxes;
Oh, happy are we!
Oh, happy are we!"

Now it happened that the mother fox wasn't the only one who told her little ones stories. The farmer's wife told her children stories, too. One night, about that time, Father Fox carried off old Mrs. Black Hen to his burrow. Accordingly, the farmer said he was sure the old fox must have a family of children, or he wouldn't help himself to so many chickens! After that the farmer's wife told her children stories about baby foxes. You would think she had visited inside of a fox burrow herself, she knew so much about the babies and how they lived.

One night, after he had listened to a story about fox babies, the farmer said to his children: "If you can catch a baby fox, you shall have him for a pet. Young foxes are pretty little fellows."

Next day the farmer helped his boys make a strong trap big enough to hold a whole family of foxes, and the best of that trap was that it would shut without hurting the little fellows.



THE NAUGHTY LITTLE FOXES.

That evening father and mother fox took their children out of the burrow and played with them in the moonlight, until it was their time to go hunting.

"Now run home, children," said their mother, "and don't come out in the green woods alone."

That night the little foxes minded. They stayed in the burrow and barked their one song, joyfully:

"We are the little wild foxes;
Oh, happy are we!
Oh, happy are we!"

The next night they minded, and the next night and the next; but there came a night, after the father and mother were gone, when the baby foxes didn't mind! They ran away, alone, into the green woods to play in the moonlight.

You may not be surprised to learn that those little foxes were soon caught in the farmer's trap! They couldn't get out! They called their mother, and they called their father! All in vain!

Next morning the happy farmer boys carried four little foxes home, and put them in a big, clean pen, and there the little fellows live to this day. They have grown big and plump, and they have enough to eat, but no one ever heard them bark joyfully!

"We are the little wild foxes;
Oh, happy are we!
Oh, happy are we!"

Those little captives, though, never forget that they are wild children, and they intend, at the first opportunity, to run away to the green woods. So,

if you ever see four little foxes, running, running, running, towards the green woods, do not stop them, let them go home to their mother! They have learned that fathers and mothers know best.

The Surprise.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

When every morning comes around
I have the best surprise!
My Mother comes and kisses me
On each one of my eyes.

And then when I pretend to sleep—
That's naughty, I suppose—
She drops another tiny one
Upon my tip-end nose.

And then I waken suddenly
Before away she slips,
And hold her tight until she leaves
A hundred on my lips.

Love is the Robin's song so clear,
Love is the laugh of my baby dear,
Love is the flower lifting its head,
Love is the starshine on my bed,
Love is the sunlight everywhere,
Love is my mother's tender care,
Love is my father's big strong arm,
Love is what keeps me safe from
harm.

Kindergarten Review.

THE BEACON.

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The Force of Sunlight.

This article was written by Rev. Dr. Hugh Birckhead, and printed in "The Blue and the Gray," a paper published by the boys of the Gilman School at Baltimore.

THE other day I was asked to go to see a new invention which has just been discovered,—a way to draw electricity from the sun. I went downtown in New York, and was lifted in an express elevator to the top of one of the highest buildings in the city. Finally, on the roof, far above the city's noise, I found a group of men looking at a large frame in which blocks of metal were fixed. This frame was connected by electric wires with the room below, and in two days of sunlight it collected enough electricity to light an ordinary house for a week. No more dynamos or waste of energy-producing power,—simply the frame upon the roof absorbing the brightness of the sun, and turning it into light for the dark hours. It is a wonderful invention, and, when it is perfected, you will find it upon the roof of every house, upon the upper deck of every steamer, quietly at work storing away the silent power of the sun, that we may use it when we please to make the darkness light.

Now all of you boys who have the privilege of going to a good school are in the brightest kind of sunshine that you will ever know. All the stored-up goodness and cleverness and beauty of the years that have been are being radiated upon you. The ideals and visions and splendid deeds of heroism of all time are being brought in touch with you, and you are at the receptive time of your lives, when you are most capable of making all these splendid influences a part of yourselves. As the sunlight is so quiet in its force, we do not realize how great that force is; and, just because it beats upon the world day after day, all life is made possible, not only the trees and the flowers and the grass, not only the butterflies and the birds, not only everything that creeps upon the surface of the earth or lifts itself into the air, but the life of man, your life and mine.

In this same way the influence of God, through human life and thought and achievement, beats down upon your minds and hearts. Later on, you will go out into some of the dark places of the world, among the men and women who have not known the beauty and truth which have been so freely shown to you, and the kindness and love which you have accepted as a part of your right from the start; and it will be your privilege and your duty to lighten up

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

One of the most interesting items of news in our recent letters is that about a home Sunday school told in the following:

SOUTH SPENCER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—We enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much. My brother, who is seven years old, has just found out how interesting the continued stories are. We do not live near a church, so we have a home Sunday school. We read a service and have songs. I am interested in Miss Merrill's stories.

Yours truly,

ELINOR LANE.

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.,
205 Allen Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am very much interested in the Beacon Club. I belong to The Beacon Club in our Sunday school. At our meetings we work puzzles, and we are waiting for all the children to get their buttons, and then we are going to elect officers and make up stories, poems, and puzzles. There are three classes, so we have a nice little club. We meet every other Saturday. We have light refreshments.

I go to the Sherman Street school, and every Friday we tell stories. I always get my stories from *The Beacon*, and the scholars all like them. I take the paper to school, and the children look at it before

those dark corners of the world with the stored-up energy of school-boy days.

Let me urge you to open wide the doors of your mind, your heart, and your soul to the sunlight now while it is still yours; for, if your task is worthy of a son of God in the years to come, you will need all the beauty and the belief and hope that can possibly be stored away in these few years while the sun shines. For there are men and women all over the world waiting for your brightness to illuminate their lives, looking to you for the way, the truth, and the life.

When you feel that studying is tiresome, and that the restrictions of school life are irksome, just think of the metal frame upon the roof, quietly putting away for future use the brightness in the sky, and turn again to your task, not for your own happiness or success merely, but that you may be part of the light of the world, and men may turn to you to see the way and be glad.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXVII.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 9, 10, 6, 12, 17, 3, 9, is a fowl.

My 1, 3, 16, 14, 8, 1, is a dress material.

My 5, 6, 14, 13, is a bird.

My 2, 4, 15, is a garden tool.

My 7, 11, 16, 16, is to turn.

My whole was a president of the United States.

KATHRYN M. WHEELER.

A CHARADE.

The waves were high, the raging wind
Was rattling sail and shroud;
He lay within his berth confined,
And cried my first aloud.
The steward said: "Alack, poor soul,
Why did you leave the shore?
If you my second will my whole,
You'll ne'er be sea-sick more."

F. L. H., in *Pacific Unitarian*.

school; and Miss Henderson (who is a lady in our church who is a librarian) takes her papers up to the library, so they are enjoyed all over.

I am sending a puzzle which I made up. Please send me a button.

Yours truly,

CLARA VASLINDER.

ITHACA, N.Y.,

407 Elmwood Avenue.

My Dear Editor,—As my friend and I would like to become members of the Beacon Club, we thought we would write to you.

We attend the Unitarian Sunday school here in Ithaca, and, although it is rather small, the members of our class are very loyal, one reason being that we all love our teacher so much. She is the best teacher we have ever had.

We hope that when we become members we may send contributions to your paper which we receive every Sunday.

We are sending a puzzle with this letter hoping that you may find use for it.

Your sincere friends,

OLIVE NORTHRUP

and

KATHERINE BADGER.

Other new members of our Club are Grace M. Chase, Mildred B. Chase, and Melvin W. Chase, of Fairhaven, Mass., all of whom have written letters, telling of their interest in *The Beacon* and of their wish to join the club.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 3, 5, 8, is a vessel.

My 1, 2, 6, is part of the body.

My 6, 7, 4, is a sound.

My 1, 9, 10, is meat.

My 10, 11, 12, 8, compels.

My whole is the name of an animal.

CATHERINE FOWLER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXXIII.—Rabbit.

ENIGMA XXXIV.—Annapolis.

ROMAN HISTORY ACROSTIC.—The Colosseum.

1. Titus.	7. Octavian.
2. Hannibal.	8. Sabines.
3. Esquiline.	9. Severus.
4. Constantine.	10. Epictetus.
5. Ovid.	11. Ulpius.
6. Lictors.	12. Mamertine.

CHARADE.—Hip-pod-rome. Hippodrome.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. A Potato. 2. Corn. 3. Bellows. 4. A pair of shoes. 5. A clock. 6. A stove-pipe. 7. An arm-chair. 8. A river.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group VII. Must be received before March 1.

1. Story or Essay: "A Spring Party."
2. Verse: "Pussy-Will-O."
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group VIII. Must be received before April 1.

1. Story or Essay: "By Wireless."
2. Verse: "In Springtime."
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I Earned my First Dollar."
2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.